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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1903.

Daily Calendar of American History.

September 25.

1775—British capture Col. Ethan Allen and thirty-eight men near Montreal, Canada.

1789—Twelve amendments to the Constitution agreed upon and submitted to the States for ratification.

1804—Amendments declared ratified.

1841—President's proclamation forbids American citizens from invading British possessions.

1865—Alabama annuls the ordinance of secession.

Bad Car Service.

Room for Improvement in Our Washington System.

A carload of exasperated passengers on a New York street car recently expressed the intention of staying on that car till morning rather than submit to the company's orders to "take the car ahead." It seems that they had supposed they were going straight through to Eighth Avenue, and when they were taken to the carshed and ordered to get out and "take the car ahead," which was already crowded, they rebelled. Many of them say that they have repeatedly been required to change cars in this way, sometimes in a driving rain, and that the time has come to make an energetic protest.

Of course they did not stay on that car until morning; at least, not until daylight. It was midnight when they reached the carshed, and there were about forty persons on the car. As time went on, one after another sadly departed, until at 2 o'clock in the morning the minority remaining gave up the unequal struggle and also went to their homes. It is not known that anything will come of this action, as those of the passengers who have been interviewed say that they are not inclined to take the matter into court. Some of them are women, and object to the notoriety of such a proceeding; others are men in business in a small way, who say that they are afraid the car company might find means of making it uncomfortable for them to do business if they brought suit. That so large a number of persons found courage to make this definite protest, however, is proof enough that the nuisance is neither new nor insignificant. It is a pretty state of things to find in a great city.

However, Washington cannot afford to say much on this subject. There is room for improvement in our own street car system, though it must be said that compared with the New York street car conductor, the average conductor here is a marvel of patience and courtesy. There are places here, however, in which patience may be demonstrated, as the Christian Scientists say, at almost any time. Every resident of Washington has been obliged to wait five or ten minutes on corners past which cars were supposed to run at intervals of three minutes; has had the pleasure of a holiday in the suburbs spoiled by the overcrowded, unventilated closed cars in which the journey of an hour or two must be made; has been thrown into his seat with a jerk when the car suddenly started, or dumped into the lap of another passenger when it swung round a curve; and, if a woman, has known the trial of having a large not too gentle hand laid upon the middle of the back of an immaculate gown as the conductor "helped" her on the car. It is not pleasant to the feminine mind to wonder, all the way to destination, whether the mark of the five fingers of that large hand is to be seen on one's raiment; and there is no way of finding out the truth.

Our Barren Avenue.

The Curious Absence of Trees From Our Principal Thoroughfare.

All visitors to Washington must have noticed the singularly bare and desolate condition of Pennsylvania Avenue, unshaded by trees, as it is, from the Capitol to the Treasury. The explanation of this lies in the curiously short-sighted action of certain business men in causing the trees which stood in front of their places of business to be cut down, so that

passers-by might be able to see their signs. It ought to be patent to any ordinary intellect that trees do not obscure business signs to any great extent; indeed, it is hard to see how they are in the way at all, when the signs cover the entire front of the building, as they do in some cases. At any rate, the absence of trees gives the Avenue a glaring sunlit appearance, which, in such a climate as this, is enough to keep away possible customers.

It is perhaps owing to this that Pennsylvania Avenue has of late given place to F Street as a principal shopping street. Nobody cares to travel along a hot expanse of asphalt when it is possible to find the desired article on a street either shaded by trees or narrow enough to be sheltered by tall buildings. However that may be, the absence of trees on the Avenue is objectionable for esthetic reasons alone.

Luxury in Colleges.

How Far Is It Compatible With Scholarship?

Some American thinkers of a scholarly turn of mind are not unreasonably troubled over the tendency to luxury in our colleges. It is true that this tendency has always existed more or less, but it is also true that just at present it is on a larger scale than ever before. Scholars feel that the interests which a college is supposed to advance may suffer by the introduction of so many outside interests.

There has been much discussion of athletics as a factor in college life, but as a matter of fact, this has rather a tendency toward democracy of spirit than toward the other thing. The student of moderate means, if he has time to spend in sport, may win a standing for himself which he could not win by mere scholarship, and thus the comradeship, which is one of the most valuable elements in college life, is promoted. But when it comes to over-luxurious rooms there is no compensating good. They do not help a man to study, they do not make him more of a gentleman, they do not give him greater capacity for friendship, or even refine his tastes. If he is the sort of man whose tastes need to be refined it will take more than luxurious surroundings to do it, while if he is too poor to afford costly furnishings he simply suffers from extravagant desires which he cannot gratify, and which he will acquire soon enough without being helped in that direction at college.

The truth of the matter is, and it should be fairly and squarely faced, that if a college is to be as useful in our American life as it ought to be, it should not be allowed to become a playground for the sons of rich men. We cannot afford to lose sight of the fact that the object of a college is scholarship and the training of gentlemen. Rich youths who confine their acquaintance and interests to their own particular social circle might better stay at home. They may become useful citizens without college training—they certainly will, if they have it in them—but unless they come to college to study, and to take part in college life, they would better stay away. If they use their money to smooth their path to learning by hiring coaches to train them for examination, write their theses for them, and so on, they are simply a drag on the more worthy members of the community.

A great deal of nonsense is aloft about the superiority of character to "mere" scholarship. There is no such thing as a mere scholar. The great scholars of the world have been for the most part great men. The thorough scholar is more of a man than the snarler. If the curriculum of every college could be made severe enough in its requirements to eliminate the drones, and make it impossible for men to slip through the courses without studying, it would be better for the colleges, for the students as individuals, and for the educated class of the American people. In that event a college degree would mean something.

Flushing the Streets.

Let Us Have Clean Streets Whatever It Costs.

A discussion has arisen over the best method of keeping our streets clean. The flushing method has been tried, and has proved satisfactory, though somewhat more expensive than mere sweeping. Then it was alleged by Captain Newcomer, of the Engineering Department, that this system resulted in shortening the life of the asphalt. In support of this theory he cited the case of St. Louis, where the flushing system is used, and the life of the paving is much shorter than it is here. He pointed out that if the cost of new paving every five years is added to the cost of flushing, the result would be enormous expense for the cleaning of the streets.

Superintendent Stutler, however,

believes in the flushing system as firmly as ever. He says that conditions are different in St. Louis, because in that city the streets are covered with a muddy paste, and the asphalt never gets dry. It is the dirt, he thinks, and not the flushing, which injures the paving. Washington streets are certainly not subject to these conditions. Moreover, St. Louis is a city with nearly twice the population of Washington; it is a river port and a railway center, and Washington is neither. Washington is naturally a clean city; it contains no large factories, and no great business interests of the kind to make what housekeepers call "clutter." It ought to be possible to make it a shining example of cleanliness for the country. The asphalt dries readily, as every summer rain proves. It would seem as if the alleged disadvantages of the flushing system should be proved beyond dispute before it is given up.

In Philadelphia there are people who eat angel cake at breakfast. The peace of Philadelphia seems to be of that unbreakable variety.

Even if the Pope does create another American cardinal, the red cap will probably go to Ireland.

The farmers in the deer-shooting districts of New York and New England complain that the deer ravage their crops, while they are not allowed to protect themselves. It does seem rather hard that a poor farmer should be obliged to sit up all night to drive the deer away from his cornfields, and then hide in the cellar when the sportsmen come to prevent their mistaking him for game.

Why should Mr. McClellan's trip to Princeton cause comment? Isn't there a tiger there as well as in New York?

As soon as Mr. Moon, the prospective Congressman from the Fourth Philadelphia district, reaches Washington, it will be appropriate for the band to strike up, "When Reuben Comes to Town."

The European powers may be acting in concert, but another Bulgarian note may produce a discord.

Emperor Wilhelm has made himself unpopular with Governor Pennypacker and Empress Tai An. He has pardoned a reporter.

Peter of Serbia probably would not ask a horse in exchange for his kingdom, but would be willing to part with it for an ordinary Missouri mule.

If we are only patient, the time will come when "Hiawatha" joins "Dolly Gray" in having a "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

International relations are reaching that point where it is hard to tell war news from the eccentricities of the Hottentot machine.

The sailors of the navy object to being called "jackies." It should be remembered, however, that under certain conditions the jack takes the trick.

The amount of worrying which seems to be going on in Maryland about negro domination is rather peculiar when it is understood that there are four times as many white people in that State as there are negroes. The colored people must be growing brilliant.

Mr. Roosevelt's football experience has doubtless proved to him that a man can emerge from under a pile of energetically kicking humanity without serious injury.

Mr. Jerome says that Mayor Low has an unenviable personality. It is supposed to be part of a mayor's duty to bill and coo with his constituents?

A Cuban has modestly suggested that the Americans did not do quite all the fighting in Cuba. This suggestion is so rare as to have all the merit of novelty.

Those directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad who were deluged with hot soup the other day now know the bottled-up rage which fills a man's soul when he cannot get damages for an injury to his feelings.

Before a girl decides to marry a man, let her see him play whist. If he can do that without getting mad at the poor players or browbeaten by the good ones he will be a model husband.

The "undigested eccentricities" of Mr. Jerome seem to be causing other people to take to Jamaica ginger instead of unconvincedly Mr. Jerome himself.

The Hay-Herran treaty is dead, and we can think of no one better qualified to deliver the funeral oration than the Hon. John T. Morgan.

The latest crack to attempt to see the President was armed with a newspaper. After all that is the sort of a weapon which Mr. Roosevelt should most fear.

A Kentucky jury has curtailed the sentence of Curtis Jett for the Marcum murder; it has sentenced him to die for another assassination.

Not in a "Century" is what Richard Watson Gilder is supposed to have said when the Citizens' Union asked him to accept a nomination for alderman.

The Last Resort.

"The last resort," writes Marjorie, "just two weeks more and I shall flee to home and joys which, to my mind, are rarer than this hollow kind which fills one with satiety."

"I'm hungry, dear old Jack, to see your face and smile once more. How true I'll find when I have left behind The last resort."

Such scribbled sweets she sends to me Might fill some other chap with glee; But I—oh, well, I'm not so blind But that between the lines I find Something which tells me I must be The last resort.

—Atlanta Journal.

The People's Forum.

The Population of the United States.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: Please inform me through the columns of your valuable paper the number, according to the last census, of males and females in the United States.

SUBSCRIBER.

Washington, Sept. 24.

The population of the United States is 76,938,387. The Indians not taxed number 129,518. Excluding the Indians, the census gives the following enumeration of the sexes: Males, 39,569,242; females, 37,244,154.—[Ed. Times.]

Manual Training for Colored Children.

To the Editor of The Washington Times:

I would like to call attention, through the columns of your valuable paper, to the great need for a manual training school in the west section of the city for colored children. There is no doubt the manual training school for colored children is almost indispensable, because it opens to them a great avenue of learning and future maintenance. Colored children are less fortunate in learning a trade than white, because all contractors want white apprentices.

The white children have a separate building, while the colored pupils are instructed in the overcrowded Stevens School; and I understand they will be transferred to the Montgomery when that school is completed. This system is not satisfactory to pupils, teachers, or parents.

The Board of Education is undoubtedly composed of painstaking and fair-minded men and women, and if it would give its attention to this matter a remedy more satisfactory than the one in view might be effected.

PARENT.

Washington, Sept. 22.

Two Societies of Carpenters.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: In last evening's issue you have so mixed the names of two organizations as to make them appear one.

The Amalgamated Woodworkers of America is an American organization composed of mill hands who do not, as a rule, work outside of the mill.

The mill workers of the District of Columbia are organized as Local No. 1108 of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America. They are skillful workmen, and fully capable of deciding for themselves their affiliation without the application of a lash from the American Federation of Labor. Forty-five thousand mill workers throughout the United States and Canada are organized as locals of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, and we are asked to put them out of our national union to swell the ranks of the Amalgamated Woodworkers.

The "Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners" is a branch of the English organization, with their headquarters in Manchester, England.

They are composed of house carpenters, and number less than 4,000 in the United States and Canada.

Contemptible, in point of numbers, they are capable of much mischief, if they are so disposed. So far as rivalry is concerned, that is out of the question. What show would they have to gobble up the American organization that now pays a per capita tax on about 165,000 members to the American Federation of Labor? As fellow-craftsmen, we have no fault to find with the Amalgamated Society individually, and would gladly welcome them into our ranks as American carpenters. Such a step on their part would insure peace with the master builders.

We will not admit that this country is large enough for two national unions of carpenters. Neither will we submit to any subdivision of our trade, even under the dictation of the American Federation of Labor.

Nor will we surrender our national character as carpenters and become the tail of the English kite.

G. EDMONSTON,

JOSEPH REILLY.

Washington, Sept. 22.

In a Lighter Vein.

Inexperience.

A damsel who dwelt in East Lynn, Bought a milk pail of galvanized tin, Set down near a cow. The milkmaid said, "You hardly know where to begin!"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

His Deafness.

Postscript Party—Do you write verse? Poetical Party (who hearing is very defective)—No, not all bum verse; but most of them are, I'm sorry to say.—Baltimore American.

Hopeless.

She—Hain't she given you the least hope? He—I believe she has; the least she ever gave to any fellow.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Misrepresented.

Miss Oodaggs—I've heard that you want to marry me for my money only. Lord Noctah—'Tis a lie, 'tis a lie! I shall require your uncle's money as well.—Boston Globe.

Cause and Effect.

Cholly—It seems so strange, I danced with Elsie last week, and now she's rewey ill. Mabel—You should tell her doctor that. He can't make out the cause of her illness.—Boston Globe.

Autumn.

The leaves are falling from the trees And whirling on the whistling gale, And soon the grapes that deck the vines Are cheering wines will be for sale.—Buffalo Express.

One's Company.

"No one should ever judge that man by the company he keeps." "Why?" "He's the warden of our jail."—Troy Budget.

Luck a Modest Miss.

He—Your name is engraved on my heart. She—Aren't you awful? Just think how embarrassing it would be for me if you should have an operation and the doctors should see it.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Hurtful Frequency.

"What's the matter with old Grampus? He looks as if he had let his friends." "He always looks that way when there are five pay days in the month."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Surely Does.

"There is a fellow that never failed to make money on every tip he ever received." "Well," retorted the thief who held him up, "A sleeping car porter."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Both Busy.

"I have had a very hard summer of it," remarked the tete-a-tete chair at the end of the season; "people have sat on me right along." "Well," retorted the hammock, "I've been under considerable strain myself."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Mysterious Case.

He carried safe inside his watch. A picture of his sweetheart's face. "He," cried the thief who held him up, "There is a woman in the case!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Courts and Capitals of the Old World

By THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

The Smithsons of England.

Lord Percy, who is to be the new under-secretary of state for foreign affairs, is the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Northumberland, and it is a member of his family, James M. Smithson, who was the founder of the great Smithsonian Institution at Washington. It may be remembered in the deed of gift by which Smithson legalized his bequest the following words occur:

"The best blood of England flows in my veins. On my father's side I am a Northumberland; on my mother's side I am related to Kings. But that avails not. My name shall live in the memory of man when the title of the Northumberlands and Percys are extinct and forgotten."

Strictly speaking, there are no Percys at any rate in England; and if any remain in existence it is in this country. The dual house of Percy, which in times gone by had intermarried with the reigning families of England, France, Burgundy, and Spain, became extinct, so far as the male line in England was concerned, in the early part of the eighteenth century, when the only daughter of the last Percy duke married the Duke of Somerset of the day.

Created Duke of Northumberland.

This Duke of Somerset, in turn, left only one daughter, and while his dukedom of Somerset passed to a distant cousin, Somerset Castle and the immense Percy estates were bequeathed to this daughter, who married a country town banker of the name of Hugh Smithson, whose grandfather had been an apothecary. Owing to the immense territorial influence which Hugh Smithson exercised as controller of the vast Percy estates, Prime Minister Pitt was only too glad to listen to his demands for a peerage under the style of Duke of Northumberland, this being, of course, in exchange for a promise of his political support. George III, however, raised serious objections to sanctioning his prime minister's resolve, and when at length he yielded, he did so with the cutting remark that although he could create Smithson a Duke of Northumberland, he could never make him a gentleman.

The patronymic of the Duke of Northumberland of today is therefore really Smithson, and he is Percy merely by royal license.

Authentic Percys Still Live.

There are, however, authentic Percys still in existence both in this country and also in Belgium. Some of the works on British and American genealogy make mention of the American Percys, and insist that they are entitled, as the descendants of Henry Percy, younger son of the ninth Earl of Northumberland, not to the dukedom, but to the earldom of Northumberland. As, however, the honor would be barren, since there could be no question of depriving the present duke of the Percy estates, there is but little incentive, save for a man of great wealth, to incur the enormous expense of prosecuting his claim to the earldom of Northumberland before the committee of privileges of the house of lords.

It is probably for the same reason that the branch of the Percy family which still flourishes in Belgium has failed to take any steps toward the recovery of the family honors. The Belgian Percys are descended from the seventh Earl of Northumberland who incurred the anger of Queen Elizabeth and sought refuge at Brussels, and are still in possession of a great quantity of magnificent silver plate of the sixteenth century, which has engraved upon it the arms of the Earls of Northumberland.

Lord Percy a Brilliant Man.

The present Lord Percy is a very clever young man of the type of Lord Curzon, and enjoys the reputation of being the most unemotional man of his age in London, where men pride themselves on being unemotional, in spite of which he carried off while at Oxford University the Newdegate prize for poetry. He has also traveled extensively in the Orient, has achieved some distinction as an explorer, and has written several clever books about his wanderings. At Oxford he was known for his prowess as an athlete, and also as an amateur actor. In one word, he is a rather brilliant man, thoroughly up-to-date, and has apparently inherited few of the idiosyncrasies of his father and grandfather. The latter, like his son, the present duke, was a member of that queer set known as the Irvingites, and at his table, even at state banquets and at grand dinners, one seat was always kept vacant, reserved for the coming of Christ. The late duke was also a vegetarian.

Queen Victoria Reproached.

His pronounced religious views led him to take the extraordinary step of taking Queen Victoria to task about the worldliness of her eldest son, the present King. He obtained an audience for the purpose from her majesty, believing it to be his duty as one of the greatest nobles of the British empire to remonstrate with her on the subject. He likewise on another occasion reproached her for the excessive grief which she had manifested at the loss of her husband. The old duke regarded this as wicked in the extreme, and did not hesitate to tell her majesty so.

Alnwick Castle, the principal country seat of the Duke of Northumberland, is a noble, majestic pile, and the only historic building in Great Britain, except Windsor, Warwick Castle and Westminster Abbey, which was in existence ever a thousand years ago. It is one of the best existing specimens of the old border castles of the Middle Ages. Its battlemented walls are flanked by sixteen huge towers, and its monumental kitchens are celebrated in Lord Beaconsfield's novel "Tancred."

The dual family of Northumberland is the only one in the British peerage that still retains the hereditary privi-

lege of being buried within the walls of Westminster Abbey. Formerly many great families possessed this right, but they have either become extinct or have allowed the privilege to lapse. The Northumberland vault in the Abbey is situated beneath the St. Nicholas Chapel, and the last entombment there was that of the father of the present duke.

King Peter a Failure.

Things are going from bad to worse at Belgrade, and not only in Serbia itself but likewise in Austria and Russia, have people come to the unanimous conclusion that King Peter is a man of weak character, entirely devoid of decision, tact or judgment. Indeed, he even seems to lack the vigor which was one of the few redeeming qualities of his three Obrenowitch predecessors on the throne.

Peter's one object since he ascended the throne has been to evade all extremes. He seems to have no idea of what ought to be done, and shelters himself behind the axiom that a truly constitutional king ought not to have any other idea or program than that of his cabinet. On the other hand, the cabinet knows its days are numbered, as the general elections, which are taking place this week, will undoubtedly throw it out.

The consequence is Serbia is practically without a government; political and moral chaos is growing without any check, and the country is rapidly drifting into a state of civil war, a particularly grave feature of the situation being that the Serbian army is entirely disorganized, thanks to the failure of the King to disassociate himself from those officers who, by taking part in the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga, have brought lasting disgrace upon their comrades, Serbian officers being at the present moment boycotted by the officers of foreign armies all over Europe. In fact, King Peter has proved a bitter disappointment both to Serbia itself and to those abroad who have the welfare of this unfortunate kingdom at heart.

Bubbles.

A switch-tender—the hairdresser. The shoemaker can't afford to be a free-booter.

The costumed man may not be hard to get along with.

Wonder if it was Darwin who invented the phrase "monkey business."

Detectives are not among the coming events that cast their shadows before.

Even a man who is "left" can be called by his right name.

At the postoffice a man naturally wants all that's coming to him.

The dog catcher doesn't have to go in the woods to gather barks.

The high soprano thinks it is base of her husband to get "high," too.

After he's dead, even a great temperance advocate may go on a "bust."

He could not have truthfully said, "I don't care a fig what kind of a dress I have."

The great secret of the age, to a woman, is how to keep her age a secret.

The plumber's vision of wealth is not always "a pipe dream."

When a man marries for money he generally finds out that it was worth it.

You may have to cross the ocean to see the sights of Paris, but you might stay right at home and see plenty of parasites.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

American Slang Abroad.

They say that French Americans have adopted by the European dandies. And that your French, your German Philistine His fellow in the Yankee fashion dandies. For instance, when in Dresden, Kiel, Berlin, A chap has told a lurid tale—at hand is, As ever, one whose heart is full of doubt To bring at once, extremely put and hang in: (The German for—"And then your pipe went out!")

"Und dann ist deine Pfeife ausgegangen!"

In Paris, on the boulevard, you'll find Two dapper little Frenchmen, much excited, Engaged, to the delight of gamankind, In arguing about the sad, benighted Condition of the country. Dead and blind They would be till the world was fully righted.

But one outwitted the other, who, at that, Cries, of a sudden, with a gesture showy: (The Gaelic for "He's talking through his hat!")

"O, comme il parle a travers son chapeau, est!"

Down in Madrid, a chappie's done his best To win out of a dainty senorita's Black eyes a glance of favor. Put to test This chappie's every weapon of his wit has. But she has passed him by, all self-possessed, As though he were as meaningless an "it" as Some little flea—A friend was with him who

Remarked—of words he had a very few choice (The Spanish for "You're not so many, you're") "Se puede que tu no estas tan mucho!"

Upon the Corso of the Caesars' town Behold a handsome Latin greet another, And tell him: "Fied have all the beastly brood And azure devils that my life did bother! Ten thousand 'lre' they have paid me down For a successful ticket! To my mother I've given half. The other half,